

Title: Wishing on the Well of Pity (Book 1)

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Book One.

The Tale of the Mighty King Rufus, and His Climb to Power.

Chapter 1.

And he started out on his long journey on that cold January morning. Standing outside the wistful inn, he looks around at his peers, wondering if this is as good as it gets. His journey will be long, but it will be rewarding. Many lives will be taken, many deaths shall succumb. The ever-dreary gaze of the frost-bitten sky looks further and further down towards his peaceful stance. He stands with pride and courage, and with a song in mind. He knows not where he goes, or when he shall get there, but he just knows that he will find what he's been looking for.

Chapter 2.

And so he traveled on. Weary from his travels, he decided to look further. And further, and further. He found what he was looking for. Or, at

least he know's what he has in mind.

Revealing secrets of his icy past experience, leaves with him only the remains of unhappy thoughts and memories. His dreams and visions were locked and chained, captivated by the moment. Who knows exactly what this all means? Who knows what anything means? For we are all lost, trapped inside vicious angles which we can not deconstruct or intersect by any means. This is needful of sympathy.. Needful of vengence, needful of hope and a will to carry on and survive to another day.

Chapter 3.

We hold all of it right in the palm of our hands. The blur. Everyone goes on living peaceful morning star lives, and then there is the obviousness of the unhappy people, who are tattered and torn from icy pasts, much like his. I pray and hope that wherever you go, what ever you do, that you will truly find love, and what you are looking for. For onow, all we can do is attempt to salvage what is left in this mourning world of lost souls. For we are all well wishers. We strive to succeed. And

then it happens.
Success is sparked.
Starting as a thought
in his brain, it
crackles and lights
and blisters down his
body into the palm of
his hand, then to his
out-stretched index
finger. Creativity
personified. He found
what he was looking
for. As we walked
and journeyed, he
stumbled upon who he
thought to be a
peasant. The girl,
weeping told him to go
away. He comforted
and befriended her to
find out that she was
the Princess of her
country, and that she
has ran away because
she feels that her
father, the King, does
not love her anymore.

Five long years
passed, and the
Princess married
him. They became
man and wife, and
then soon Queen Jade
and King Rufus. This
is Rufus' climb to
power. The spark,
from his finger, his
icy past, all erased.
Shattered in an array
of white lights and
black mysteries.

The end . . .

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Comments and such
should be directed to
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Thank you for
reading, Book 2 is
soon. Thanks -Vinco